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THE DAILY NEWS.

BY P. M. HALE, PRINTER TO THE STATE.
L. L. POLK, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.
RALEIGH, N. C.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1880.

GOOD BYE.

In every sense of the word except its present political sense, we were born, were bred, and have lived a radical. That is to say, to enjoy life, absolutely nothing to do or incessant hard work has been a necessity. For the first, there has been for many years lack of the means to do it with, and to work has become a second nature. Capable of much endurance, we had come to regard our constitution as more than an iron one, when, some six months ago, a cord snapped. Two months later opportunity offered to engage once more in that business for which men say we have had more than ordinary fitness, and, with the abundant means of two excellent gentlemen to sustain the enterprise until it became self-sustaining, we took charge of THE RALEIGH NEWS. Four months of work from 1 p. m. to 4 a. m., reading, writing, talking, proof-reading and making up forms, have utterly broken down one hopelessly diseased. A most acceptable purchaser, Mr. W. P. BATCHELOR, has been found for the interest in THE RALEIGH NEWS Company representing *Hale's Weekly*, and the end has come in the sad words, Good-bye!

The Company, consisting now of our friends, Messrs. THOS. M. HOIT, JOHN GATLING, L. L. POLK and W. P. BATCHELOR, will make their own announcement for the future. For us, newspaper life is ended. In it, we think we may say that we have efficiently served our party and our State, that we have printed the news and have been just to all men. As impulsive, as quick to anger and as thoughtless of speech as any of our neighbors, we cannot recall the utterance in these columns of an ill-natured word, nor a word of injustice to foes either without or within the party to which we are attached. The last, we have sought never to know, fearing that knowledge might insensibly induce injustice; but when the knowledge has been forced upon us, so far as we can recollect it has served only to make us more particular in seeing that they had a fair showing in the columns of what has been universally recognized as a purely North Carolina Democratic newspaper, and as the newspaper of the Democratic party in North Carolina.

We have fought a good fight for the people of this State, and though we know that in this busy world a man is dead when he passes from public sight, and that to be dead is to be forgotten in a day, we think with pleasure that when once in a while his name is recalled, there will be kindly thoughts among the people of North Carolina, Radicals as well as Democrats, of him who was the editor of THE RALEIGH NEWS.

TAXES AND THE PEOPLE.

When the cause of education is advocated, there are those who start back and cry, "That means taxation." From whom does this cry come? From the people or the would-be leaders of the people? We have been cursed in this State by a class of men who have signalized their fealty to the people, not by studying, proposing and laboring to promote great plans for the advancement and elevation of the State, but by making the very welkin ring with the cry of "Retrenchment!" by holding themselves out as the watch-dogs of the public treasury, the peculiar guardians of the money of the simple and unsuspecting people. For the former role, talent, will, courage and devotion to the public good are necessary—a purpose which cannot be turned aside by any clamor or misrepresentation—which never, amidst discords, elements and difficulties, "bates one jot of heart or hope"—which never relaxes its energies till its goal is attained: for the latter the most brainless demagogue that ever poured his rapid and shallow pretensions upon the empty air is all sufficient. Yet this latter class go everywhere; they are full of prate, and by their flux of babble oftentimes fatally prejudice great measures before their merits can be known.

But what if it does mean taxation? Do these men think that our people suppose anything good can be had for the mere asking? That the people of North Carolina, alone of all civilized people, are unwilling to submit to burdens to procure commensurate blessings? Nay, burdens rendered necessary for their own self-respect and self-defence? If that be so, it is high time, indeed, that the "schoolmaster were abroad." Such suppositions as these do a grievous injustice to our people: it is just such which have brought our State to its present needs. We are of those who believe that our people would not hesitate at the cost if the material advantages which would flow from a system of sound education, such as improved labor, the inflow of immigration, the introduction of new branches of industry, the expansion of manufactures, the superior excellence of our products, were alone considered. Certain we are that when we add to this consideration the moral, social and intellectual advantages of which such a system, if brought home to all our people, would be productive, the money necessary would be cheerfully voted.

In the just scorn which we feel and express for the class of professional "Re-

trenchers and Reformers," let not our position be misunderstood. When the public expenditures are excessive—as they were during Radical rule in this State—the demand for retrenchment is just and patriotic. When expenditures have been brought within proper limits, above all, when they have been reduced below the rate of fair compensation, as in one or two instances they certainly have been in this State, then the demand becomes idle, senseless and destructive of public and private interest. The public service would, if their standard were adopted, become the convenient refuge of men without ability, without acquisitions—in short, of mere political "Cheap Johns." The true measure of public expenditure is easy to fix; it was fixed by Governor JARVIS in his admirable inaugural lately reprinted in these columns: Expenditures brought to the lowest limit, consistent with a thoroughly efficient public service, and an adequate support of the public institutions.

AN EDUCATIONAL FUND.

There is some error mixed with many very wholesome truths in the Education article from the New York *Sun* elsewhere reprinted in this morning's NEWS. The truths are worth thinking of and the error is not worth while just now to note. We wish only to point out a way in which Mr. HAYES's professed wishes may be made effects, without offending the States-Rights notions which the *Sun* to our surprise holds as we hold.

It is the duty of the people of this and other States to educate the children, but they would be unjust to themselves did they fail to make use of all resources which may be legitimately derived from other quarters. The most certain, proper and just source of supply for supplementing our resources is pointed out in a bill introduced by Mr. GOODE, of Virginia, and now pending in Congress, to distribute the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the States for the benefit of education. This bill is in the line of honored precedent. The principle of the bill is the same with that so inseparably connected with the name of HENRY CLAY, and a similar measure was repeatedly sanctioned by the Congress of the United States. In advocating an appeal to Congress we in no way favor "any notion of a power in Congress to levy and collect taxes and distribute the amount among the several States." This language will be recognized as that of Mr. CLAY in his speech on land distribution in the United States Senate in 1835. We define our position in his own words, and on the same occasion: "The Government holds the public domain in trust for the common benefit of all the States, and it is competent to provide by law that the trustee shall make distribution of the proceeds among those entitled to the beneficial interest." Mr. CLAY's bill for this purpose became a law in 1841, and the distributive share of North Carolina constituted nearly the whole available fund for our common school system before the war—a fund now utterly lost to us. The proceeds of the sale of the public lands are not needed to liquidate the public debt; indeed, are not in the slightest degree relied on. Shortly after the war, when the public debt was at its maximum, Congress donated a large amount of public lands to the States, the proceeds of which were used in this State to revive the University. The only other use which has been made of the public lands by Congress, has been to build up giant corporations, which have employed the colossal wealth acquired by the bounty of the government as a vast corruption fund to accomplish their own jobs—to mould the legislation of the General Government and the States to their own purposes. By appropriating the proceeds of these lands to the purpose of education, we meet the most imperative need of our people, and by the same stroke disarm to that extent a most threatening danger of the times.

CHATHAM'S REPRESENTATIVES.

It increases our good opinion of the Chatham people to see them send such a man to the House of Representatives as JOHN MANNING. His name is a familiar one to North Carolina—has been for generations before him, and he has added dignity and worth to it by his eminent services in representing his State in Congress, in framing our Constitution, and at the Bar. No man will rank him as a leader in guiding legislation next winter, and the statute books will bear evidence of his industry, learning and wisdom.

Mr. O. S. HANNER is still quite a young man, but his youth has not prevented the county of Chatham, which he will represent next winter, from availing itself of his services heretofore, he having been a member of the House from that county in 1872, when he exhibited very decided merit. He is a farmer by occupation, and is one of the best stump speakers in his county, and a man of unbounded personal popularity.

The Senate will be again strengthened by Senator ABRAHAM HAYWOOD MERRITT. He has made a reputation for real worth as a legislator that his people appreciate and are anxious that he shall increase.

Mr. MERRITT is a genuine North Carolinian bred and brought up. He was a Bingham boy, a Chapel Hill boy of high distinction in his classes and among his fellows, and has been a leader in the most

useful of all professions, teaching. He has served his county as Clerk and Master in Equity and as a Justice of the Inferior Court. Modest, pious, thoughtful and industrious he has all the elements of a safe counsellor and the bravery to do what he thinks right.

Chatham will increase his former extraordinary majority, and the other counties will acknowledge their obligation to her for returning a true friend to the agricultural, educational and other true interests of the State.

Good! There is at last news of one Radical who is not afraid to vote. The New York *Evening Post* has discovered him. It says that "a canal boat flying a GARFIELD and ARTHUR banner was stopped on Friday near West Troy by four Democratic ruffians, who demanded that the captain strike his colors. The captain pointed a revolver at them and they retreated." Now, as one man can maintain his rights against "four Democratic ruffians," can't the Radicals manage to do their voting at places where they are said to be largely in the majority?

OFFICIAL CENSUS returns from Vermont show that the State has a population of 332,648, which is a gain of only 2,097 over the population in 1870.

The Abolition of Slavery in Brazil.

[From the New York Herald, 8th.] The latest advice from Rio Janeiro shows that the perennial slavery question had once more become a burning issue in the Brazilian Parliament. The Brazilian Wilberforce, Senhor Nabuco, had announced his intention to bring in a bill definitively abolishing slavery in the year 1890, at the same time withholding all compensation to holders of African born slaves whose age showed that they had been surreptitiously imported since 1832, when the slave trade was prohibited. The Minister of Agriculture, in reply, admitted that slavery in Brazil could not be expected to outlast the century, and stated that the government was earnestly engaged in furthering its abolition by the indirect methods already in force, by the creation of a land bank and the encouragement of European and Chinese laborers.

As is well known, a beginning was made in the direction of abolition several years ago by declaring the freedom of all children born after a certain date, and considerable sums were appropriated from the public treasury for buying the liberty of certain classes of slaves. The Emperor and the most distinguished statesmen of Brazil are known to be heartily in favor of abolition with the least practicable delay. But the abolition of slavery in Brazil, if it is to take place peacefully and in a normal manner, must encounter obstacles of a very grave character. Slavery exists throughout the whole Empire, and the slaves comprise nearly a half of the total population. The whole system of productive industry is bound up with the "peculiar institution," and must inevitably undergo a severe crisis by its disappearance. Nevertheless, abolition is now a question of a few years more or less.

New England and the Solid South.

[From the New York *Sun*.] Gen. Butler's reply to the "Solid South" yell. "My friend, you have forgotten the history of your country," is an excellent one. But perhaps New England may want to forget it. Let us see what five New England States did to maintain the Union, and what five States of the "Solid South."

States.	Union Total Vote.	Rep. Vote.
Maine, 71,745	97,918	62,811
N. Hampshire, 34,605	65,953	37,519
Vermont, 32,348	42,844	33,808
Connecticut, 52,270	77,246	43,792
Rhode Island, 23,711	39,961	12,224
Totals,	222,577	130,174

Compare this record with five States of the "Solid South":

States.	Union Total Vote.	Rep. Vote.
Delaware, 13,651	16,039	3,215
Maryland, 49,731	92,502	2,294
W. Virginia, 32,003	34,192	464
Missouri, 108,773	165,518	17,028
Kentucky, 75,540	146,216	1,364
Totals,	282,698	24,965

Here are ten loyal States. They furnished a total of 505,275 volunteers for the Union, and they cast 215,139 Republican votes. If every Republican who voted for Lincoln in these ten loyal States enlisted in the Union army, the Republicans only furnished two men to the Democrats three—215,139 Republicans to 290,136 Democrats. In ten loyal States, at least, the Republicans did not "fight the war."

Fact Against Fancy.

[From the New York Herald.] We have before us a page of telegraphic reports concerning the cotton crop, covering five or six States, and in all these reports we read that "picking is going on, and labor is abundant." The poor negro, who undergoes daily massacre in Northern journals, and who should be covering in canebreaks, beseeching Providence to save him from the results of a Democratic victory, is in fact picking cotton, and his wife and his children, at fifty cents per hundred pounds, and "planters and laborers are all in good spirits, and making ready for a big harvest."

TWO NOTED GEORGIAN.

Robert Toombs and Joseph E. Brown.

[H. W. Grady in the Atlanta Constitution.]

The other day I saw two men meet on the street, bow cordially and pass. I was struck by the contrast between them—by the difference in their walk, appearance and manner. This suggested that the contrast in their lives, in their lineage and their methods was even greater than their physical make-up. And then, forgetting for a moment that a gubernatorial campaign of great fierceness was raging, I fell to wondering if there had ever been two masterful men whose paths lay so near each other, and whose performance was so nearly equal, who had been born to such dissimilar conditions, and moved by such dissimilar motives. Joe Brown and Bob Toombs! Both illustrious and great—both powerful and strong—and yet at every point, and from every view, the perfect opposites of each other.

Through two centuries have two different strains of blood, two conflicting lines of thought, two separate theories of social, religious and political life, been working out the two types of men, which have in our day flowered into the perfection of contrast—vivid, thorough and pervasive. For seven generations the ancestors of Joe Brown have been restless, aggressive rebels—for a longer time the Toombs have been dauntless and intolerant followers of the king and kingdom. At the siege of Londonderry—the most remarkable fasting match beyond Tanner—Margaret and James Brown, grandparent of the James Brown who came to America and was grandparent of Joe Brown—were within the walls starving and fighting for William and Mary; I have no doubt there were hard-riding Toombs outside the walls, charging in the name of the peevish and unhappy James. Certain it is that forty years before the direct ancestors of Gen. Toombs on the Toombs estate were hiding good King Charles in the oak at Bosceaton, and I have no doubt, the father and uncles of the Londonderry Brown, with cropped hair and severe mien, were searching about the place with their pikes, searching every bush, in the name of Cromwell and the psalm-singers. From these initial points sprang two strains of blood—the one affluent, impetuous, prodigal—the other slow, resolute, forceful. From these ancestors came the two men—the one superb, ruddy, fashioned with incomparable grace and fullness—the other pale, thoughtful, angular, stripped down to brain and sinew. From these opposing theories came the two types—the one patriotic, imperious, swift in action and brooking no stay—the other democratic, jealous of rights and submitting to no imposition. The one for the king—the other for the people. It does not matter that the elder Toombs was a rebel in Virginia against the fat George, for that revolt was kingly of itself, and the Virginian cavaliers went into it with love, locks flying and care to the winds, feeling little of the patient spirit of James Brown, who, by his Carolina fireside, fashioned his remonstrances slowly and at last put his life upon the issue.

Gov. Brown and Gen. Toombs started under circumstances in accordance with the suggestions of the foregoing. Gen. Toombs' father had a fine estate, given him by the State of Georgia, and his son had a fine education and started life in a liberal trim. Gov. Brown had nothing, and for a years hauled wood to Dahlonega, and sold vegetables from a basket to the hotel and what others would buy. Young Toombs made money rapidly, his practice for the first five years amounting to much over \$50,000. He conquered by the grace of his genius, and went easily from triumph to triumph. Young Brown moved ahead laboriously but steadily. He made only about \$1,200 his first year, and then pushed his practice to \$2,000 or \$3,000. He made no brilliant reputation, but never lost a client, and added to his income and practice. His progress was the result of hard labor and continuous work. He lived moderately and his habits were simple. Gen. Toombs has lived in princely style all his life, and has always been fond of wine and cards. Both men are rich, and both are well preserved for their time of life. Gen. Toombs is seventy-one and Gov. Brown fifty-nine. Each had a lucky stroke early in life, and in both cases it was in a land investment. Gen. Toombs bought immense tracts of Texas land, of which he has sold perhaps \$100,000 profit, and still holds enough to yield double or treble that much more. Gov. Brown, when very young, paid \$450 for a piece of land, and afterward sold a half interest in a copper mine thereon for \$25,000. This he invested in farms, and thus laid the basis of his fortune.

The first time these men ever met was in Milledgeville, in '51 or '52, when Gov. Brown was a young Democratic State Senator and Gen. Toombs was a Whig Congressman—then the idol of his party and the most eloquent man in Georgia. They were then just such men physically as one who had never seen them would imagine from reading their lives. Gen. Toombs was, as Gov. Brown has told me, "the handsomest man he ever saw." His physique was superb, his grand head fit for a crown, his presence that of a King; overflowing with vitality, his majestic face illuminated with his divine genius. Gov. Brown was then pallid, uncomely—his awkward frame packed closely with nerve and sinew, and fed with a temperate force where Toombs had a fiery debate with that rare master of discussion, the late Robert Cowart. Gov. Brown was deeply impressed with the genius and power of that wonderful man, but Gen. Toombs thought but little of the awkward young mountaineer. For later, when in Texas, hearing that Joe Brown was nominated for Governor, he did not even remember his name, and had to ask a Georgia-Texan "who the devil it was."

But the next time he met him he remembered it. Of course we all remember when the "Know-nothings" took possession of the Whig party, and Toombs and Stephens seceded. Stephens having a campaign right on him, and being pressed to locate himself, said he was neither Whig nor Democrat, but was "toting his own skillet," thus introducing that homely but expressive phrase into our political history. Toombs was in the Senate, and had time for reflection. It ended by his marching into the Democratic camp. Shortly afterward he was astounded at seeing the standard of his party, upon the success of which his seat in the Senate depended, put in the hands of Joe Brown, a new campaigner, while the opposition was led by Ben. Hill, then, as now, an audacious and eloquent speaker, incomparable on the stump. Hill and Brown had had a meeting at Athens, I believe, and it was reported that Brown had been worsted. Howell Cobb wrote Toombs that he must take the canvass in hand at once, at least until Brown could learn how to manage himself. Toombs wrote to Brown to come to his home at Washington, which he did. Gen. Toombs told me that he was not hopeful when he met the new candidate, but after talking to him a while, found that he had wonderful judgment and sagacity. After coquetting with Mr. Hill a while, they started out on a tour together, going to south Georgia. Gen. Toombs has talked to me often about this experience. He says that after two or three speeches Gov. Brown was as fully equipped as if he had been in public for forty years and was amazed at the directness with which he would get to the hearts of the masses. He talked in simple style, using the homeliest phrases, but his words went home every time. There was a sympathy between the speaker and the people that not even the eloquence of Toombs could emphasize, or the matchless skill of Mr. Hill disturb. In Brown the people saw one of themselves—lifted above them by his superior ability, and his unerring sagacity—but talking to them common sense in a sensible way. Gen. Toombs soon saw that the new candidate was more than able to take care of himself, and left him to make his tour alone—impressed with the fact that a new element had been introduced into politics and that a new leader had arisen.

It is hard to say which has been the more successful of the two men. Neither has ever been beaten before the people. Gen. Toombs has won his victories with the more ease. He has gone to power as a king goes to his throne, and no one has grieved him. Gov. Brown has had to fight his way through. It has been a struggle all the time, and he has had to summon every resource to carry his point. Each has made unsurpassed records in his departments. As Senator, Gen. Toombs was not only invincible—he was glorious. As Governor, Brown was not only invincible—he was wise. Gen. Toombs' campaigns have been unstudied and careless—and were won by his presence, his eloquence, his greatness. His canvass was always an ovation, his only canvassing was done on the hustings. With Gov. Brown it was different. He planned his campaigns and went faithfully through them. His victories were none the less sure, because his canvass was more laborious. His nomination as Governor, while unexpected, was not accidental. It was the inevitable outcome of his young life—disciplined so marvelously, so full of thought, sagacity and judgment. If he had not been nominated then, his time would have come at last, just as sure as cause produces result. His record as Governor proves that he was prepared for the test—just as his brilliant record in the Senate proves that he is fitted for any sphere to which he might be summoned.

To sum it up: Toombs is the embodiment of genius, and Brown is the embodiment of common sense. One is brilliant, the other unerring—one is eloquent, the other sagacious. Toombs moves by inspiration. Brown is governed by judgment. The first is superb—the latter is sage. Despite the fact that Governor Brown is by instinct and inheritance a rebel, he is prudent, conservative, and has a turn for building things up. General Toombs, despite his love of kingliness, and all that implies, has an almost savage instinct for overturning systems and tearing things down. It must not be understood that I deprecate General Toombs's wisdom. Gen. Toombs often flies as true to his mark as judgment can go. The wisest speech, and the ablest ever made by an American, in my opinion, is Mr. Toombs's speech on slavery, delivered in Boston about ten years before the war. In that speech he showed a presence almost divine, and clad in the light of thirty years of consideration, it is simply marvelous. His leadership of the Southern Whigs in the House, during the contest of 1850, was a masterpiece of brilliancy, and even his Hamiltonian speech, delivered after the most exasperating insults, was sublime in its lofty eloquence and courage. Safer as a leader, Governor Brown is more sagacious on material points—truer to the practical purposes of government; but no man but Toombs could have represented Georgia as he did for the decade preceding 1860.

Messrs. Brown and Toombs have disagreed since the war. That Governor Brown may have been wiser in "reconstruction" than Mr. Toombs, many wise men believe, and events may have proved. In that matter my heart was with Mr. Toombs, and I have never seen reason to recall it. That Governor Brown was honest and patriotic in his advice, my knowledge of the man would not permit me to doubt. The trouble between these gentlemen came very near resulting in a duel. While I join with all good men in rejoicing that this duel was arrested, I confess that I have been wicked enough to speculate on its probable result—had it occurred. In the first place, Gen. Toombs made no preparation for the duel. He went along in his careless and kindly way, trusting, presumably to luck and a quick shot. Gov. Brown, on the contrary, made the most careful and deliberate preparation. He made his will, put his estate in order, withdrew from the church, and then clipped all the trees in his orchard practicing with his pistol. Had the duel come off—which fortunately it did not—Gen. Toombs would have fired with his usual magnificence and disregard of rule. I do not mean to imply that he would not have hit Gov. Brown; on the contrary, he might have perforated him in a dozen places at once. But one thing is sure—Gov. Brown would have clasped his long white fingers around the pistol butt, adjusted it to his gray eye and sent his bullet within the eight or an inch of the place he had selected. I should not be surprised if he drew a diagram of Gen. Toombs, and marked off with square and compass the exact spot he wanted to hit.

Gen. Toombs has always been prodigal and loose in his money matters. Gov. Brown has been precise and economical all his life, and gives \$50,000 to a Baptist college—not a larger amount probably than Gov. Toombs has dispensed casually, but how much more compact and useful! This may be a good fact to stop on, as it furnishes a point of view from which the

two lives may be logically surveyed. Two great lives they are—illustrious and distinguished—utterly dissimilar, Georgia could have spared neither and is jealous of both. I could write of them for hours, but the people are up and the flags are flying, and the journalist has no time for moralizing or leisurely speculation.

The Radical Idea of Education.

[From the New York *Sun*.]

The acting President travels to the Western coast. His title fits him as the mantle of a giant fits the shoulders of a dwarf who has stolen it. But he thinks he can swell himself to something like the dimensions of his robe by talking on education. His carefully prepared speech is repeated wherever he stops, and at every repetition he makes it more conspicuously absurd and hypocritical.

By broad averments and by statistical statements he tries to make us believe that the people are entirely too ignorant for self-government; that we are not safe for a day under a system which gives universal suffrage to such a horde of illiterate barbarians. The negroes, according to his account, are nearly all uneducated; the immigrants from abroad are not much better; the citizens of New Mexico are densely ignorant of letters; the Indians, who will soon have votes, are still worse off. How low in the scale is our native population in other parts of the country he does not say; but we infer that his opinion of them as a mass is not more flattering. Altogether, these ignorant voters are described by Mr. Hayes in his mixed figure of speech as being "powder and ball for the demagogue," and the consequence is that "already in too many instances elections have become a farce."

What is the cure for this gigantic evil? Mr. Hayes answers that it must be furnished by the General Government in the form of universal education. This, is to say, all persons who are new or who are hereafter become voters must be taught the arts of reading and writing at the expense of the nation. The United States are to be consolidated into one mighty school district, with power to appoint an army of teachers and officers of every grade, at a cost which Mr. Hayes takes care to say nothing about. He spreads himself somewhat on finance; what does he think will be the annual expense of his proposed system of education? Would we get off with two or three hundred millions? And if he could send his carpet-bag friends back to the South with a commission to establish negro schools and jay themselves out of the Federal Treasury, would not the amount of their plunder exceed even the stealing of the post? The excess of general education was urged when they had the States in their hands. They taxed the people to an undurable extent for school purposes, and uniformly stole the money as soon as they could get their fingers upon it. Would they do better with the funds of the General Government? And would not these corruptors saturate the system North as well as South?

Mr. Hayes asserts that universal education requires the aid of the general government, and the power to grant such aid is established not by anything found in the Constitution itself, but by a long line of precedents. We assert, on the contrary, that no man whose opinion is worth a straw has ever claimed that the United States could constitutionally tax the people of all the States for the education of some of them, or for the universal education of all. The power to maintain free schools generally, or partially, is not given to the general government any more than the power to maintain churches; and such power cannot be legally assumed or hopelessly exercised.

We admit that some classes of our people lack education to a lamentable degree. The negroes are for the most part profoundly ignorant of reading, writing and ciphering. It is also true that elections have been frequently a farce; and something worse. But we utterly deny that this was caused by defect of negro education. It was want of honesty, not lack of intelligence, that made the elections farcical, which filled all the State of offices and crowded the halls of Congress with notorious thieves. The negroes, with all their ignorance, would have done very well if they had not been cheated and intimidated by those unprincipled rogues. The election of 1876 was converted into a farce by men who could read and write tolerably well. Mr. Hayes will not deny that John Sherman is an educated man. Mr. Garfield can read fluently and writes a pretty good hand; and all of Sherman's committee possess those accomplishments more or less. Wells and Anderson and the two mulattoes who constituted the Returning Board could read and write. But reading and writing did not prevent them from making the Presidential election a farce; and Mr. Hayes's knowledge of these facts did not prevent him from becoming a party to the foulest crime that ever was committed against the right of free suffrage. Kellogg had at least as good an education as Mr. Hayes proposes to give to any negro, and yet what a farce was every election at which he was a candidate! And how impotent was reading and writing to prevent him from forging the signatures of bogus electors to a false return!

No; it is most ungracious in Mr. Hayes to charge the farcical character of the people when he must know that it was caused by the educated rascality of his own partisans, whom he has rewarded for their crimes with the highest offices in his gift. Let him teach virtue and morality, which are better than reading and writing. That can be done only, as the Democratic platform demands, by an honest execution of good laws, which will send such men as made the election of 1876 to some place of penal servitude long enough to graduate them in some knowledge of common honesty. There is no kind of education so much needed as this.

The Irish correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "The potato crop is simply magnificent. What few men can recollect seeing is now seen on all hands—fields beginning to wither naturally, without a sign of disease. This is chiefly owing to the change of seed, the 'Champions' being planted on all hands from east to west, and fully bearing out the good things spoken of them. The price of oats and cattle has doubled since last year, that of pigs more than doubled. Oats are a good crop, and turnips and mangolds never looked better."

A Sea of Flame.

CROPS AND HOUSES BURNED.

[By telegraph to the New York Herald, 8th.] UPTON, P. Q., September 7, 1880.—One of the most terrible occurrences in the history of the year was the fire which swept through a portion of this village yesterday, carrying ruin and death in its track both to man and beast. For some time past bush fires have been ravaging the forests in Lower Canada, or Quebec province, as it is now called. A severe drought has attended the weather of the past few weeks, and the high wind fanned the flames, until yesterday afternoon the inhabitants of Upton saw with dismay a wall of flames coming toward them with a steady sweep as fast as a man could run and swallowing up everything in its course. The fire had been hovering about the skirts of the village for a few days until the wind reached almost a hurricane. This was at three p. m. yesterday. By four o'clock the first farm house had been reached. The fire ran along the rail fence, burning the grain, and the wind sent the sparks in all directions. So quickly was one farm house after another enveloped that the men, women and children had barely time to escape out of its line until the fire was upon them again. In some instances they escaped to the Grand Trunk station out of reach of the flames with only a few clothes they had on.

SURROUNDED BY THE FLAMES.

As the night drew on the flames increased in volume, while the wind rose, and for the space of about twelve miles, length, and covering a width of from three to four miles, the eye rested upon nothing but the roaring, crackling flames. Families came flying into the village proper, seeking in scanty dresses, some carrying articles of furniture as they could come with. Cattle ran helter-skelter, some had never jumped fences before, coming with them in their wake; while many, with means that were pious, were sunk in front of the same impassable obstacle and died a horrible death. At seven o'clock the darkness had set in and the glare lit the sky for twenty miles around. Forest after forest was swept away, and the smoke and flame was in compact volume some six miles long and measured, so far as the eye could see, to width. Still men stood their ground, and battled with until the last hope was consumed and then sought safety in flight—a most difficult achievement. A dazed retire to bed as if the direction of the wind changed, their life and soul would have been not worth the cost of cent. All night long the fire burned. House after house and barns filled with the best crops known for years were like up, and it seemed to many as though the last day had come.

ENVELOPED IN SMOKE.

The whole country was enveloped in heavy smoke. As we drove up St. Helen road in the effort to reach the village of that name we met people driving to the village cattle that had strayed to places of safety, or coming in with a few articles of food and clothes that had escaped the flames. The roasted crops, carcasses of horses and cows, ashes drifted like snow in gulleys and ditches could be discerned a few feet away. But so dense was the smoke that we could not discern anything at a distance of more than a few feet, while the ordinary road was there, a house stood alone like a lonely spot in the desert of ashes. It belonged to Pierre Cole and had been saved in a most miraculous manner. Cole and his family left when they saw the flames approaching, but Pierre turned back. He said he could not have the heart to go and leave his crops and barns without an effort to save them. He went back, and when he saw his barn on fire he turned to escape, but found retreat cut off. The smoke was so dense that he could not see half a dozen yards, and he had nothing to do but fight the flames as he could. He had only buckets of water, and these he economized so well that he managed to put out the flames whenever they appeared. He used his fences, and when his water gave out he seized a shovel and threw earth upon the flames. Inch by inch they crept upon him, but he stuck to his post and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the wind change, leaving him in security. The owners of the next farm were not so fortunate. They remained to attempt to put out the flames, but were never again seen alive. Their bodies were found this morning burned to a crisp. The old man was found with his head in the ditch by the roadside. The son was found just in front of the ruins of the house, and the dog had wandered off into a potato patch where he must have been overtaken by the flames and died the same horrible death that had fallen to the lot of his owners. Around this spot were several dead cows, all of which lay in the ditch with their noses deep down in the mud, and though they had struggled hard for breath and life.

But the wind was rising, and when it reached a spot a few hundred feet beyond Currier's farm, the wheels of the heavy turned up the sparks at every turn. We had already passed some twenty or thirty burned buildings, and were being the best course in such a case. We determined to retrace our steps. This was a work of some difficulty, as the road was skirted by hot ashes. The horses reared and plunged, but the fire was so accomplished and we reached the spot of the Grand Trunk Station, from which we started without further mishap.

As communication with the surrounding country is cut off, we cannot learn the full extent of the losses. It is certain that some seventy-five families have been burned out of house and home, representing nearly four hundred and fifty persons, with hired help and relatives. It is feared that the loss of life will be much greater than has yet been ascertained.

The postal business of the United States for the last fiscal year was as follows: Letters 866,593,572; postal cards 276,446,716; newspapers to subscribers and news agents 695,175,624; magazines 300,845,480; articles of merchandise 22,634,456; total 2,215,165,124; and disbursements 2,215,165,124; including mail received from foreign countries. More than 50 per cent of the mail matter mailed originated in the fifty principal cities of the United States.

